

1453 e 26

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
LAMENTATIONS
OF
CHARLES,
The Son of JAMES.

[Price Six-Pence.]

THE
FIRST BOOK

OF THE

LAMENTATIONS



CHAS.

The Son of JAMES

1800

Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir, Prince of
W

T H E
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
LAMENTATIONS
O F
CHARLES,
The Son of JAMES,

For the LOSS of the

Battle of *Culloden*,

To which is annex'd,

His *Farewell* SPEECH,

T O A

General-Council of the REBELS,

Held at the House of the L---d L---t,
the Night after the ACTION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for HENRY CARPENTER, in *Fleet-street*.

M DCC XLVI.

[Price Six-Pence]

THE
FIRST BOOK

OF THE

LAMENTATIONS

OF THE

CHARLES

The son of JAMES

First Lord of the Treasury



Battle of Waterloo

His Majesty's

General Council

Held at the House of Commons

on the 14th of May 1815

(3)

T H E
LAMENTATIONS
O F

Charles the Son of James, &c.

C H A P. I.

WEEP O ye Men of the North,
gird ye with Sackcloth and
Ashes; your Glory is fallen,
your Strength is decay'd.

2. The Kingdom is gone from you; your
Expectations are blasted: and your Hopes
are become even as the Hope of the Hypo-
crite that perisheth.

A 2

3. Lo!

3. Lo! we gloried in our Strength; and put our Trust in the Sinews of our Arms, and our Confidence in the Vigour of our Loins.

4. We said unto ourselves, we will arm us with Bucklers of Steel, and gird upon our Thighs the dreadful killing Broad-Sword.

4. We will charge our Guns with Powder that is strong, and our Pistols with that which will do great Execution.

6. We will rush on our Enemies like a Torrent; and come upon them like a Whirlwind, and they shall be sore afraid, and shall not be able to stand before us in the Day of Battle.

7. We parcell'd out their Lands in our Imagination amongst ourselves, and our young Men promised themselves great Riches by the Spoils of our Enemies.

8. But how are we deceived? our Hopes are dash'd to pieces; and we are become a Scoff to all the Nations round about us.

9. They point the Finger at us as they pass in the Streets, and the young Men and Maidens laugh us into Scorn.

10. They say unto one another, are these the mighty Men of Valour? Are these the Heroes that boasted themselves in their Courage.

11. Does

11. Does not their Valour lie in their Heels, and their Courage in the Soles of their Feet.

12. They skip like Hinds, and are swift to run away; they turn their Backs upon Danger, and are afraid to look their Enemies in the Face.

Here endeth the First Chapter.

CHAP. II.

HOWL O ye young Men, wail all ye Men of the Mountains: Be still all ye Instruments of Musick; play no more upon the Harp, neither let the Sound of the Bagpipe be heard any more amongst you.

2. For we have lost the Battle of *Culloden*, and the Fields that surround the House of the President are covered with our Slain.

3. O *Culloden*, thou hast been fatal to us; thou hast pluck'd the Laurels from off our Head, and placed them on that of my mortal Enemy, even on the Forehead of the Duke of *C-mb--l--d*.

3. *Pr-st-n-P-us* is no more remembered, and my Victory over *C--e* is forgotten:
My

My March into the Heart of the Island with a Handful is now even as a Dream.

4. The Wisdom of my Retreat from *England* is now called Cowardice; and my Victory over *H-l-y* is now attributed only to Chance.

5. Success and Glory, that attended on all my Actions, and waited even on my Chariot Wheels, have now forsaken me.

6. My Laurels are buried in the Fields of *Culloden*; my Enemies have been Witnesses of my Shame, and my mortal Foes have seen me turn my Back in the Day of Battle.

7. Where shall I hide myself from the Scandal that overwhelms me: How have I sullied the Honours of my House, and lost them shamefully to the Son of the House of *H-n-v-r*.

8. O *C-mb-l-d*, thou art mightier than I; thou outshines me in military Glory; thou hast robbed me of the Hopes of a Crown, and covered me with Shame instead of Laurels.

9. Thy Genius is a Terror to my Soul; thy Name fills me with Horror; thou art more dreadful in thyself than half thy Army.

10. When thou art present my Soul is dismayed; I gnash my Teeth with Fear; my Knees beat one against another; my
Sinews

Sinews are quite feeble, and there is no Strength in me.

11. When I am asleep I dream of the Terror of thy Name; and when awake thou art ever present to my Eyes.

12. Thou haunts me as my evil Genius; thou fillest my Soul with Anguish; and hast discomfited my Armies by the meer Magick of thy Name.

Here endeth the Second Chapter.

CHAP. III.

WE have trusted in the Arm of Flesh, and that has proved vain: We have put our Confidence in Princes, they have deceived us; even in the King of *Fr--ce*, and there is no Faith in him.

2. He deceived our Grandfather, and my Father has been his Bubble even from his Cradle.

3. He has made a Tool of him ever since he was born, and mean'd only to deceive him.

4. He made use of him only to serve his own Purposes; and constantly left him in the

the Larch, when he found it his Interest to desert him.

5. Yet we have been so blind as to be again cozen'd by him, and cajol'd into Destruction by the fair Words that he spoke, and the smooth Speeches which he and his Ministers uttered unto us.

6. He raised our Hopes to the highest Pitch, loaded us with Promises, and magnified the mighty Power with which he intended to assist us.

7. He practiced upon the natural Frankness of our Temper; and imposed upon the Credulity of our Nature by his flattering Speeches.

8. We listened to his Promises, and was not aware of the Poison that lay under his Tongue.

9. We persuaded our Friends that he was sincere, and that he certainly would assist us; and he has deceived us, and there is no Truth in him.

10. We have been the Dope of his Ambition, and his Tool to aid him in his Designs against *Flanders*.

11. His Troops and the Fleets which he boasted of are still in his Harbours; they were only designed to amuse and feed us with Hopes, which he never designed should succeed.

12. They

12. They have answered his Ends; he has conquered *Flanders*, and hath left us, and our faithful but deluded *Scots*, to fall a Sacrifice to our Enemies.

Here endeth the Third Chapter:

C H A P. IV.

WE have likewise trusted to those who flattered us as our Friends, even the *Jacobites* of *England*; but they are Men, and have deceived us.

2. They flattered us with Surmises, and cheated us with false Reports; they made us believe their Numbers were great, and that they had Thousands at their Command.

3. They made us believe, that the Nation in general was disaffected, and wish'd for the Restoration of our House; that our Rival was hated, and his Government become burthensome to the People.

4. The Names of the greatest were sent us, as of our Interest, and ready to declare themselves publickly in our Favour, so soon as we appeared.

B

5. But

5 But too late we found there was no Faith in their Promises, nor Truth in their Intelligence.

6 We traversed three parts of the Kingdom, but found none to assist us; their Courage failed them when we wanted them, and their cowardly Hearts gave the Lie to their most solemn Engagements.

7. When Danger was afar off they talk'd like Heroes, and promised mountains: They drunk our health in public, and caballed in private.

8. But when Honour called them to Arms, and Opportunity offered to reduce their Promises to Practice, there was a Lion in the Way, and there was no Truth in them.

9. They left us to our fate, and were no ways sollicitous about the Event; they laughed at our Calamity, and gave themselves no Trouble when Fear came upon us.

10. O Truth where art thou fled? O Virtue where art thou to be found? Thou art fled from this Island, and here thou art not to be met with; no, not even amongst thousands.

11. O *Britain*, how art thou fallen? thou who boasted to be Mistress of the World, and prided thyself in the Empire of the Sea.

12. Thou

12. Thou art divided in thyself, and there is no Peace in your Cities: Luxury, Venality, and barefaced Corruption, has overwhelmed thee, and thou art as a City ready to be sold even to the highest Bidder.

Here endeth the fourth Chapter.

CH A P. V.

WEEP, O holy Father, and be discomfited, thou who art Head of the Church; let thy Princes lay aside their Purple, and your Priests cloath themselves with Sackcloth and cover their Heads with Ashes.

2. Weep in the Temples of the City; howl even in the Gates of the City that standeth upon seven hills.

3. Your Hopes in me are frustrated; your Benedictions have been of no Effect, and the consecrated Bucklers you presented me with, are broken asunder, and there has been no Strength in them.

4. The sacred Medals have lost the Power of charming, and the holy Relicts of the ever blessed Saints have been prophaned

by the rude Hands of unbelieving Here-ticks.

5. They have discovered our Nakedness, and laugh at the Religion of our holy Church: They refuse to return into her Bosom, and despise the Commands of our infallible Father.

6. We have lost all Hopes of being Lords over these stubborn People: They have shut their Eyes against the Truth, and are resolved to go to Heaven their own Way.

7. They pretend to be wiser than the Church that is infallible, and put their Trust in the dark Lanthorn of their own Reason, rather than in the unerring Councils of the Church that cannot err.

8. They hate Priests, and every Thing that pretends to lay any Restraint upon the wild Imaginations of their own Hearts: They follow strange gods, and have forsaken the Worship of their Forefathers.

9. They are fat with the Revenue of the Church, and have parcel'd it out as an Inheritance among their Children. They pretend to a Property in all they have, and will not allow either the Church or us, to have any Right to dispose of their goodly Possessions.

10. How long, O holy Father, will thy righteous Spirit be troubled with this perverse

verse Generation? Will not the Time come when thou shalt chastize them with Rods, and rule over this obstinate People, even as with a Rod of Iron.

11. Pronounce, O infallible Father, thy dreadful Anathema's against them, and fulminate all the terrible Thunders of the *Vatican* against them and their Abettors.

12. Rouse up all the faithful Sons of the Church to join in the grand Cause, and assist us to bring these stiff-necked People under your holy Yoke, and to the Obedience of us and our House.

Here endeth the fifth Chapter.

CHAP. VI.

WEEP O ye Mountains of *Scotland*; droop your Heads ye little Hills; be sad all ye Vallies that lie North of *Spey*.

2. Your Fields are become desolate, your Houses are laid waste; your Oxen, your Asses, your Flocks, and your Herds, are become a Prey to your Enemies.

3. The Glory of your Forefathers, and the Honour of your antient Houses are set at nought; ye have fled before your Enemies,

mies, and turned your Backs in the fatal Fields of *Culloden*.

4. All the Victories of your Forefathers are sullied; they reflect Scandal upon you and your Generations.

5. Why did ye fly? Why were ye dismayed? Why did your Courage fall ye? Were not your Swords tempered as at *Preston Pans*? and your Bucklers as strong as on the Moor of *Falkirk*.

6. Could there be Spell in the Fields of *Culloden*, or Terrors in the House of the President, or Magick in the Name of the Duke, that all your Courage left ye, and ye became weak, even as little Children.

7. Lament your Fate and bewail, for ye are lost indeed: Ye have left your Chiefs in the Field, your mighty Men are slain in Battle.

8. Ye are now as Sheep without a Shepherd; your Princes are gone; your Captains of hundreds, and your Captains over Thousands, sleep now with their Forefathers.

9. *Kilmarnock* is taken Prisoner, and his Feet galled with Fetters of Iron, even in the Hands of our Enemies.

10. *Lochiel*, even *Cameron* the Chief is slain; he that was valiant among ten thousand; he that could handle the broad Sword,

Sword, and dexterously weild the burnish-
ed Buckler, is now no more.

11. Who now shall give Comfort to his
Widow? or Succour to his helpless Or-
phans? His Possessions will become a Prey
to the Enemy, and the Children of the
brave become Beggars, and Strangers in a
strange Land.

12. *Glenrond* too is fallen: He push'd
into the Battle like a Lion; he spread Ter-
ror in the Hearts of his Foes, and he shew-
ed that he inherited the Courage of his
House.

Here ends the sixth Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

MAC *Lachlen*, who boasted his Anti-
quity, and drew his Descent from
an ancient Race of Kings, fell amongst the
Vulgar, and lost his Life by the Fire of
his Enemies.

2. He managed the Horse with Dexte-
rity, and tam'd the Fierceness of the fiery
Courser; he excelled in every warlike Ex-
ercise, and disputed the Prize even with
the young Men.

3. He

3. He went into the Battle without Fear, and dreaded not the Sword of his Enemies; but his Courage availed him not, he is numbered amongst the Slain.

4. *Appin* and *Kepach* too, are dead, they have finish'd their Course and died like Men; but ye basely deserted them, and left none to succour them when the Enemy surrounded, and Danger pressed hard upon them.

5. For this ye are become Slaves, your Lands are forfeited, and the Possessions of your Ancestors are become the Inheritance of Aliens.

6. You must bend your Necks to the Yoke, and become Hewers of Wood and Drawers of Water, to a Nation that hate you, and whom ye have heinously provoked.

7. Fly from the Face of the DUKE, and from the fierce Wrath of him that pursueth; shelter yourselves in the Mountains, and call upon the Hills to cover you; hide you in Caves for the Day of Tribulation is come upon you.

8. Where shall I fly? How shall I escape those who lie in wait for me?

9. The Ocean is covered with their Ships, and the Sea groaneth under the Weight of their Fleets: How then shall I hide myself to save an unhappy Life.

10. I fought Death in the Battle, but
could not find him; I rush'd into the
Midst of Danger, but still he shunn'd me.

11. Shall I then fall into their Snare;
shall I grace the Triumph of the Victor,
and be led a Captive in the Land where I
hoped to reign.

12. Have I escaped the Danger of the
Deep, and come off safe in the Heat of
Battle; have I been denied to die in the
Bed of Honour, and must I perish like a
Criminal on a Scaffold.

*Here endeth the Book of the Lamenta-
tions of Charles the Son of James.*

*The Last SPEECH of the Young
Pr-t-d-r, to his last General-
Council, held at the House of the
L--d L-v-t, the Night immedi-
ately after the Battle of Culloden,
and distributed, by his Order, a-
mongst the Remains of his spat-
tered Army before they dispersed.*

My Lords and Gentlemen,

THE last Time I met you in Coun-
cil our Hopes were strong, and the
Appearance of Success more than
probable. But Yesterday's Sun has seen all
this promised Scene overturned : The Fields,
the fatal Fields of *Culloden*, has dash'd all
our Hopes to pieces, and has left us no-
thing to deliberate upon, but the meer
Safety of our Persons.

I acknowledge, with the sincerest, Ex-
pressions of Gratitude, the Alacrity you
have shewn in venturing your Lives and
Fortunes in support of our Royal House.

It

It is impossible to attribute the Misfortune that has befallen us to any Want either of Courage or Conduct of Our Friends in Scotland, you have behaved yourselves with Steadiness, and which shall never be forgot by Us, or our latest Posterity.

I only lament, that so much unshaken Fidelity should be attended with so little Success in what was intended, and is likely to be followed by so many Misfortunes to yourselves.

You are Witness, my Lords and Gentlemen, that we have shared all Dangers and Hardships equal with the meanest of you, and never commanded you to follow but where I was ready to lead.

Ambition of reigning is, no doubt, a strong Passion in every Man's Breast. But more so to Men who think themselves born or intitled to a Crown; and especially to Men of my Years: I frankly own, that this Ambition may have given Life to my Actions, and warm'd me in the Execution of the Undertaking: But if I can judge of my own Heart, I assure you, I should not have tasted half the Pleasure in the Enjoyment of Regal Sway, as in being instrumen-

tal in restoring my parental Country to the full Possession of its Rights and Liberties.

To make a great People free, and keep them free, is the only Pleasure that can result from Sovereignty. The empty Grandeur of a Throne, or the Lustre of an Imperial Diadem, may give Joy to those whose Delight is in Trifles: But the Power of doing good, of communicating Freedom to a great Community, to govern over the Hearts as well as Persons of a free People, is the only rational Pleasure I can enjoy in the Thoughts of a Crown.

But Providence, and the Faithlessness of faithless Friends, has ordained that I shall not enjoy that Satisfaction of contributing to your Freedom; on the contrary, I am afraid our unsuccessful Attempt has rivetted old Chains, and perhaps has forged fresh ones for such as shall escape the general Shipwreck.

I have in the first Place to blame my Correspondents in *E-gl-d*, for representing the State of the Country and the Disposition of the People in a quite different Light than what it really was.

Had

Had they not inculcated the general Disaffection of the People upon us, as an incontestable Truth, we should never have relied upon their own Assistance: But we have now found they have led us up with false Hopes, and Facts as false as their faithless Promises of personal Assistance.

We have next to blame our Ally the *Fr--ch* K--g, for with-holding those Succours, which upon all Suppositions were concerted as necessary, and giving us nothing in their Stead, but such Supply, as only served to keep alive our Hopes, until we had lost the Opportunity of making use of any Means of getting out of the Misfortune, into which we too deeply and too rashly plunged.

We have been for this once his Dupes, but I assure you I shall do so no more; and now assure you that I shall never set Foot on this Island, without a Power sufficient to put Success out of doubt. I shall no more involve my Friends in Ruin, upon *Fr--ch* or *E--sb* Promises.

I recommend it to you to keep as long together as you can, that you may get into the inaccessible Part of the Country, where
our

our deluded Followers may with Safety dis-
perse.

As for yourselves, Gentlemen, we shall
take Order that Convenience may be had
for the Escape of such of you as can not
depend on the Enemy's Clemency. With
you we shall share our Fortune, and we
shall desire to live in no higher Rank than
a private Gentleman, whilst any one of
you is unprovided for according to your
Rank.



P I N I S

We have been for this once his Father
but I assure you I shall do to no more, and
now assure you that I shall never for-
get on this I shall never forget
to put more in I shall no
more in I shall no



I recommend you to keep as tight
together as you can, that you may get up
the intricate Part of the Country, and